

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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## Poetical.

### From the Home Journal.

**Pictures in the Coals.**  
Sitting by my pleasant firelight,  
In the dark and dull December,  
Making pictures in the ashes  
Of a slowly dying ember—  
Lo! from out the ashes rising,  
Touched as by the sunset gleams,  
Is the village of my childhood,  
That I ever see in dreams.

There, between the rows of maple,  
Is the broad and grass-grown street;  
There, behind the shadowing branches,  
Stand the houses, plain and neat.  
There, beneath vine-covered porches,  
Are farms that never more will come,  
For those houses have ceased their beating,  
And those lips are cold and dumb.

But upon the sunny hill-side,  
Where the village church does stand,  
The shadow of the spire is pointing  
As the finger of a guiding hand—  
Wandering ever in the graveyard  
From morning red till set of sun,  
Pointing where we, too, shall slumber,  
When our little life is done.

Yonder, the dim, blue mountains;  
There, upon the plain below,  
Stands the farm-house, with its windows  
Blazing in the sunset glow.  
A mist now rising from the valley  
Shuts the blue stream from my sight,  
But I know upon its surface  
Floats the water lilies white.

Yonder are the clover meadows,  
Where the twinkling air is sent;  
There my happy little schoolmates,  
Playing on the village green!  
Forever children—still I love them—  
Tears are filling fast my eyes—  
The burning embers now have fallen;  
My village in the ashes lies.

O, in vain we're striving ever  
After things beyond our reach,  
Little heedful all the lessons  
Life's most simple things may teach;  
Little thinking what rare pleasures  
Simple joys may bring our souls—  
Even fading, dying embers,  
Even pictures in the coals.

## Miscellaneous.

### Closed for Repairs.

A good one is told of old Judge L.—  
His Honor kept a demijohn of good old Jamaica in his private office, for his own comfort and the entertainment of his particular friends. The old Judge had noticed for some time that on Monday morning his Jamaica was considerably lighter than he left it on Saturday night. Another fact had gradually established itself in his mind. His son Sam was missing from the paternal pew in church on Sundays. One Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went up stairs rather heavily, when the Judge hailed him:  
"Sam, where have you been?"  
"To church, sir," was the prompt reply.  
"What church, Sam?"  
"Second Methodist, sir."  
"Have a good sermon, Sam?"  
"Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered me, sir."  
"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful, eh, Sam?"  
The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with:  
"Well, Sam, been to the 'Second Methodist' again to-day?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Good sermon, my boy?"  
"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; church shut up and a ticket on the door."  
"Sorry, Sam, keep going—you may get good by it yet."

Sam says on going to the office for his usual spirits and refreshment, he found the "John" empty, and bearing the following:—"There will be no service here to-day, this church being closed for repairs."

### Energy.

It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self culture by the energetic and persevering who are careful to avail themselves of opportunities, and use up the fragments of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste. Thus Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheepskin on the highland hills.—Thus Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener; thus Drew studied the highest philosophy in the intervals of cobbling shoes; thus Miller taught himself geology while working as a day-laborer in a quarry. By bringing their mind to bear upon knowledge in its various aspects, and carefully using up the very odds and ends of their time, men such as these, in the very humblest circumstances, reached the highest culture, and acquired honorable distinction among their fellow men. It was one of the characteristic expressions of Chatterton, that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything if they chose to be at the trouble.

An old, rough Puritan minister once took for his text that passage in the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing immediately before him, he went on thus: "Ye said in yer haste, David, did ye? Pooh, man, an' had ye been here, for only half a day, ye might have well said it without the least chance of contradiction."

A mile or so from town, a man met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said the man; "that's the way to get warm." "It's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him to freeze."

## The Discontented Flowers.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

In the depths of a beautiful wood, far away from the noise of cities, and the smoke of chimneys, is a bright clear pool of water, in which the drooping branches of the willow mirror and bathe themselves. Sweetly scented lime-trees are grouped together near it, beneath the arching boughs of which the graceful fern and the blue eyed forget-me-not flourish luxuriantly.

The banks of this crystal lake are fringed with moss and tall flowering grasses; and the woodland paths beyond, where the soil is not so moist, are carpeted in the early spring with masses of the delicate blue hyacinth; and no sooner has that faded than the modest lily of the valley arises, with her perfumed bells, to scent the air in that sequestered spot.

Many a wayfarer has paused in his journey through the forest, to drink from the limpid waters in that still retreat, and has wondered at the variety of foliage and blossoms growing side by side in that place; and has been puzzled to account for the appearance of some plants, which, according to the botanists, had no business to be growing wild in such a locality.

But there are records handed down from tree to tree, and whispered from flower to flower, of a time when the now extensive wood was a private shrubbery, planted with taste and care, by a wealthy landowner; and the pool, which is now the favorite haunt of the May fly, the dragon fly, and their kindred, was once a fish-pond.—The ancient ferns, too, now rearing their beauteous fronds as a shelter for myriads of the insect tribe, have a faint recollection of having been transplanted from a distant region in their early youth; but they have taken kindly to their present home, and are too old now to care about making another journey to the soil of their ancestors, so they cling closer and closer to the rocks that surround them, and spring up year after year more vigorously than ever. And the forget-me-nots, as the days go round, creep farther and farther over the surface of the pool, laughing up in the sunlight with their bright eyes, as though change and trial were unknown to the flowers of earth.

It is indeed a very lovely spot, and the sunbeams and the moonbeams linger there by turns, right willingly, piercing playfully through the cory leaves, which try so valiantly to keep them out; but the zephyrs come to the rescue; and to them the leaves bow obediently at their lightest breath, and make way for them. So the shining rays, which are heaven's messengers, follow swiftly in the zephyr's path, and gleam and shimmer down into the very depths of the pool itself.

Surely if peace be known upon earth, she haunts that favored spot! And there is no lack of music either to enliven the tranquility. It is not a dead calm which reigns there; for the song of the lark, the voice of the cuckoo, and the melody of the nightingale, are all heard there in due season; and day and night, in sunshine or in shade, there is the never-ceasing music of a rippling stream, which has its source in the sparkling pool, and goes babbling on of the beauty of its home as it wanders far away over many a mile, to mingle its waters with those of a mighty river.

The little streamlet has no name, and is not known in the great world; but it runs its daily course with gladness, and beautiful and beneficent whatever comes in its way. Human eyes gaze but rarely upon the beauty of the scene; it has been attempting to describe; but it is ever present to the angels of God. And those whose mission it is to bear earth's incense of praise to the courts above, have also a tribute to collect from the dwellers in this fair valley; for surely joy and gratitude are due for the cooling dews, the gentle showers and refreshing breeze, not to mention the warm bright beams of sunshine which the flower-buds welcome so gladly.

But I have to tell of a time when sorrow found its way to mar the harmony of that lovely scene. No human eye could have detected the first symptom of evil. Outwardly all was fair and beautiful; but "the trail of the serpent" had passed even there, and the guardian watcher knew it all too well when the breath of praise rose not so freely as it was wont in the still hour of evening.

There was a mist of discontent hovering somewhere, which marred the fragrance of that balmy hour; and the flower-spirit sighed sadly as he lingered on his mission and waited for the hush of night to investigate its cause.

At length the song of the birds was stilled. There was no voice save that of the murmuring brooklet. One by one the flowers closed their weary buds; the beautiful forget-me-nots and the fragile veronicas drooped their heads beneath the clear cold moonbeams, and the lily nestled her tiny bells closer to the sheltering foliage around her.

And then the solemn hush was broken by a sigh of discontent, which arose on the evening breeze, and was wafted to the ear of the flower-spirit. He heard an unthankful murmuring, and he knew whence it came, for he marked a solitary Forget-me-not and a single spray of Lily-bloom holding themselves aloof from their kin, and eagerly listening to the night-wind's whispering and the babbling of the tiny stream. They were discontented flowers; they did not care to live on any longer in quiet obscurity; they wanted to see the great world, about which the rivulet and the breeze had

so often told them. They felt cramped and confined in that lonely, unfrequented pond. They thought themselves wiser than their neighbors; they had given more heed to what was told them of the world beyond the hills.

The brook was sorry that his babbling, which had been intended to amuse and instruct them, should have made them unhappy, and good-naturedly promised to help them in any way that he could to make their lot more enjoyable; but the breeze—false friend that he was!—counseled them to leave all their old acquaintances and relations in the wood, and go forth together and see the world for themselves.

This the brook did not consider wise advice; but the willful flowers were only too ready to follow it, and as his voice of dissent was drowned by the bluster of the breeze, he said no more to dissuade them, and was persuaded to join with the latter in assisting them to leave their home. So the sturdy little Forget-me-not tried more and more every day to detach its roots from its fellow-buds, and stretched eagerly towards the bank, that the streamlet might waft her down its current; and the Lily, hour by hour, bent more away from her sheltering veil of green leaves; and though her stem began to get crooked, and her pure bells splashed with mud as the little tadpoles played about near them, she did not care for that; for she knew that before many days her friend, the breeze, would be able to snap her slender stem, and carry her off.

She was not happy; and both she and the Forget-me-not agreed that they wanted change, and would be improved by traveling.

They had not quite made up their minds when or how they should return; but of course they meant to do so one day, to display their knowledge of the world to their unacquainted relatives.

Some of their companions, who knew of their discontent and their projected expedition, tried to persuade them that the Good Father knew best where to place his children; and the bees, who loved to nestle in the Lily's bells, and the butterflies and beautiful gossamer flies, who courted the sun, supported by the azure Forget-me-not, told them how useful they were in their own neighborhood, and how much they would be missed if they really succeeded in getting away. All to no purpose, however; the headstrong things thought they should be of far more use in a wider sphere of action.—Besides, the zephyrs had told them of beautiful flower-fetes and grand festivities in which they might take part, and have their share of admiration too, instead of being cooped up in such an out of the way place.

The elder plants shook their heads sorrowfully when they saw these young things so obstinately self-willed, and prognosticated evil if they left their parent stems; but the Lily laughed at them for croakers, and the Forget-me-not agreed with her in every thing.

They did not think there at all a blissful lot; and having nothing for which to be grateful, they offered up murmurs instead of the incense of thanksgiving; so when their gentle watcher found the origin of the evil, a remedy was determined upon.

One disaffected member of a community makes many, and it was not right that the general harmony should be disturbed by these two unthankful murmurers.

So it chanced, ere long, that a youth lost his way whilst rambling through the wood, and lying down to rest at the edge of the pool, caught sight of the Lily and the Forget-me-not just within his reach, and stretching up at his hand, he gathered them both.—The Forget-me-not responded so eagerly to his touch, that he took away a part of her root as well.

Now the two flowers were supremely happy, and even rejoiced at having managed so cleverly without being under obligations either to the breeze or the brook. They smiled down triumphantly upon the friends they left behind them as, securely fastened in the youth's button-hole, they journeyed away with him.

He had a long distance to go, and at first the runways enjoyed this elevated position exceedingly; but when the hot sun began to parch up the juice in their stems, and there were no cooling waters to refresh them they felt faint, and drooped their heads; indeed, the Lily would certainly have died, but the more delicate of the two, if the journey had been much longer. Suddenly they felt themselves revived by the contact of cooling water, and the Forget-me-not, being the first to raise her head, saw a young fair face bending over her with a look of eager delight.

"Look here, Claire! these pretty flowers which neighbor Charlie brought me are reviving already. It is a famous specimen of the *Myosotis palustris*, with a root, too. I shall dry it in a day or two."

The little Forget-me-not did not like being called by such a strange sounding name; it had never been heard in the valley; but the Lily was not sufficiently revived to pay much attention to its displeasure.

Claire, a little dark-eyed dame, some years younger than her sister, gazed also admiringly upon the two travelers, as her sister went on talking about them. "I hope they will keep fresh; I shall wear them this evening instead of Captain Mowbray's splendid exotics; I know he will be very angry; but I don't care for that!" laughed the young girl; "I would rather please neighbor Charlie." And she took out a wreath of artificial flowers, also lilies and forget-me-nots, and placed it for a moment on her head. As she thus stood sportively before the glass,

the wanderers—now both quite wide awake—thought they had never yet seen anything so beautiful. Much more did they admire her a few hours later, when she was ready dressed for the ball in her simple white muslin, trimmed with sprays of the same tiny flowers to match her wreath, her only ornament a string of magnificent pearls round her neck.

"Good-by, dear Claire," said the young girl, kissing her sister: "I hear papa calling me; I must go now."

"Good-by, Edith; I hope you will enjoy yourself; but oh! wait a moment; you have actually forgotten neighbor Charlie's flowers; let me put them into your brooch for you."

So the Lily and the Forget-me-not, looking very fresh and beautiful, were securely fastened to the dress, and felt not a little proud of their new position; in fact, could scarcely hold their heads high enough.—They did not quite like being covered over with the opera-cloak; but pride must bear a little pain, and they were amply repaid for the temporary obscurity of their situation when the heavy wrapping was removed, and the fair Edith, leaning on her father's arm, entered the splendidly illuminated ball-room. But soon they began to feel the effects of the heated atmosphere, and the Lily thought remorsefully of the cooling breezes which she knew were even then fanning her sister flowers in the quiet valley—her distant home. Nor did the Forget-me-not feel much happier; but neither of them liked to complain. Captain Mowbray, of whom they had heard, danced with Edith once, and tried to persuade her to walk out on the balcony with him, which, to the great mortification of the poor fainting blossoms, she declined. At length neighbor Charlie led her out into the moonlight, and the Forget-me-not raised her head once more; but the poor Lily no longer was refreshed; she had dropped from exhaustion, and had been crushed beneath the spurred heel of the mustachioed Captain. Neighbor Charlie noticed his loss, and his companion seemed very distressed at the discovery; but the young man told her it did not signify, as she had preserved the flower he wished her always to treasure.

But the solitary Forget-me-not no longer felt pride in her position: a terrible feeling of home sickness came over her, and she bowed her head in sorrow for the loss of her friend and companion, longing only for an opportunity to escape from her captivity.—Fortune favored her at last. It was early morning, and the two still stood talking together by an open window, as the guests were preparing to depart, when all at once neighbor Charlie caught sight of a "moss rose" bud temptingly within reach: "This will be a good substitute for the lost Lily," said he, as he gathered it.

The brooch was unfastened, but the young girl's fingers trembled as she placed the moss rose within it, displacing the Forget-me-not. A zephyr bore up the wanderer for a while, then waited it down, down, for away from the maiden and her lover, rendering it quite insensible from the rapidity of its flight. When it again opened its dimmed blue eyes, the little Forget-me-not was lodged upon a mossy bank, within sound of splashing water—within sound of it; but alas! not near enough to taste of its sweetness. Poor little thing; she had gained experience by her travels; but it had been dearly bought. She looked woefully altered since she quitted her peaceful home: a tiny rootlet was still hanging to it, sadly parched and shriveled; some of its leaves and blossoms were quite dead, and a bit of its stem dreadfully bruised.—How she longed to be once more in her old haunts, or just a little nearer to the refreshing water! A few more hours and death would surely come! for the breeze had lulled, and the oppressive heat of noonday was settling in. Suddenly a storm arose, and the drenching rain fell in torrents. Oh! how eagerly the languid wanderer drank the refreshing drops! And then a friendly breeze wafted it down the sloping bank, and the rivulet, already swollen with the rain, rippled nearer and nearer, and at last bathed its little rootlet: then the current became stronger, and the Forget-me-not, floating on its surface, went drifting along. It knew not whither, unable to stay its course.

Night closed in once more upon the tranquil valley, and the stars looked down rejoicingly over it; for the weary traveler had at last found a resting place amongst its kindred. Though bowed and broken, and shorn of all beauty, there was life in it still, and a power of endurance, till then untested, had been called forth and strengthened by its wanderings up and down in "the wide, wide world;" for the good World-Father can bring good even out of evil; and the humbled flower sighed no more for a sphere other than that which unerring wisdom had assigned to it. So the guardian Spirit wafted upwards a hymn of praise, unalloyed by regret or discontent, only the lily-bells drooped more humbly as they mourned for their fallen sister, who returned to them no more!

A merchant examining a hoghead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och! I don't be troubled about that, yer honor," said his Irish porter, "an' sure the nagur tuk it out to open the cask wid."

An honest confession, that of De Quincy's, when he says that after first fasting upon him, he thought happiness might now be carried around in one's waistcoat pocket, and happiness of mind be sent down by the galleon in the mail coach.

## Strange but true Story.

In 1847, there lived in the town of Landshut, Bavaria, a young mechanic named Louis S., who had just arrived at the age of twenty-one years. He became acquainted with a young woman, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, noted for her beauty and many accomplishments. The two were soon deeply in love with each other, and were living in the blissful anticipation of soon enjoying a world of happiness in wedded bliss. The matter was mentioned to the girl's father, who became very indignant at the presumption of the young man, who was poor, in asking for the hand of the daughter of one so wealthy as he. The young man was driven from his house, and threatened with personal violence should he return. With a sorrowful heart, and his eyes wet with tears, Louis bade adieu to Sesson, for such was the young girl's name, and set sail for America on the 13th of April, 1848, in the ship *Calais*. The ship was out two weeks, wildly tossed on many a rolling billow, when one dark, stormy night, the 27th of April, 1848, she was struck by an English vessel, and in less than twenty minutes, sunk to the fathomless depths of the ocean, carrying several of the crew and about forty passengers "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Just as the vessel was going down, Louis S. and John Hersherberger, who in the voyage had become intimate personal friends, plunged into the briny deep and fortunately got upon a large plank and were quickly carried far from the scene of disaster. The English ship hovered around for several hours and gathered up a number of the *Calais*, but Louis and Hersherberger had, in their frail bark got beyond hailing distance and the vessel went on her way without them. For thirty-six hours they were on this plank in the middle of the ocean, enduring all the horrors of anxiety, hunger and thirst, when they were picked up by the since ill-fated ship *City of Glasgow* bound for Philadelphia, where they arrived on the 6th of May, 1848. Hersherberger hired with a barber in Philadelphia, and Louis S. came, on foot to our neighboring county of Stark, where he worked two months, and then came to this county and commenced work at his trade, as a partner in an established shop. He was a very fine workman, sober and industrious, and soon gained the confidence of his customers and neighbors. The result was that he soon had all the money he needed and some to loan, which he was always careful to put in safe hands. In the year 1850 he made the acquaintance of a farmer's daughter, of this county, and on the 29th of November of that year, he was married to her. He continued to prosper, and in 1852 purchased a fine farm and went to farming. In June last his wife died, leaving four children—two boys and two girls—to battle the storms of life without a mother.

News had been taken back to Germany of the loss of the *Calais* and most of the passengers, and among them Louis and young Hersherberger. The girl, Louis's first love, was sorrow stricken with the sad news of Louis's supposed death, for she still hoped that fortune would favor them so that they might marry at some future time. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and it was this that strengthened the young girl to bid farewell to her lover, and pray to Heaven that he might safely be carried over the pathless ocean; but when the sad news of his death reached her ear, she was for many months almost frantic, the rosy hues of her cheek gave way for a death-like pallor, and her friends feared that they would soon have to follow her to the grave.

Time, however, had its effect, and she finally apparently forgot the cause of her troubles. Many were the suitors that applied for her hand, but she refused them all. In the year 1854, Hersherberger, who was a scholar and a fine writer, wrote a letter to a friend in Germany, giving an account of the voyage, loss of the vessel, and rescue of himself and Louis S.—This letter was published in a paper in Germany which fell into the hands of the faithful girl, by which she learned that Louis had been saved; but whether he was yet living, and if living still true to her, put her in great suspense. Her father died in 1856, leaving her a large fortune. In July, 1859, she was in a store in the town of Landshut, and while waiting for the merchant, who was engaged, to sell her some goods, she picked up a copy of *Der Deutsche in Ohio*, a paper published by Raber, of Canton, formerly of this county, and in it noticed the death of the wife of Louis S.—She concluded this Louis was her old lover, and immediately she began to make preparations to sail for America and seek him out. She arrived in this country at the house of Louis on the 21st of December, and on the 10th of last month they were made happy by being united in marriage at the house of the bridegroom.—*Holmes County Farmer.*

"Cesar, dis chile's gwine to Washington to ply for office ob de Government." "Well, darkey, what are you trying to get now, eh?" "Ise gwine to ply for de post ob sexton in de Post office Apartment!" "Sexton of Post office Apartment?" "Yes, sah; I berry do dead letters. Sometimes—yuh hear, Cesar, eh, sometimes—day hab money in 'em, and den I rife de corpses! Yuh see, sah?"

Lord Bacon says: "A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment.—Those that come unsought are commonly the most profitable, and should be secured, because they seldom return."

Happy he who has wings to hover over the past, to soar without dizziness over the monuments of men, to sound from thence the depths of the thoughts to measure at a glance the path of the mind, to take observation as the mariner on the boundless ocean, and to conjecture as to what point of time he occupies, and to what manifestations of divine truth God calls the generation in which he is an actor.—*Lamarine.*

Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a shrewd nod, Pat answered, "I believe in the cream, but not in the saucers."

## Thrilling Eloquence.

The following touching passages are contained in the speech of the Hon. Mr. Botseler, delivered in the House on the 25th inst. We honor the head and the heart from which they proceeded. The incidents narrated cannot fail to moisten every eye by which they are perused. The language employed for the purpose is the language of elevated patriotism:

"The district which I represent, and the country from which I came—that country made famous by the raid of Brown—was the first in all the South to send success to Massachusetts. In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful country, within rifle shot of my residence, at the base of the hill where a glorious spring leaps out into sunlight from beneath the gnarled oak, there assembled on the 10th of July, 1775, the very first band of Southern men that marched to the aid of Massachusetts. They met there and their rallying cry was 'a bee-line for Boston!'"

This beautiful and peaceful valley had never been polluted by the footsteps of a foe; for even the Indians themselves kept it free from the incursion of the enemy. It was the hunting range, and neutral ground of the aborigines. This band assembled there and a "bee-line for Boston" was made from thence. Before they marched, they made a pledge that all who survived, would assemble there fifty years after that day. It was my pride and pleasure to be present when the fifty years rolled around. Three aged, feeble, tottering men—the survivors of that glorious band of one hundred and twenty—were all that were left to keep the trust, and be faithful to the pledge made fifty years before to their companions, the bones of many of whom were bleaching on the Northern hills.

Sir, I have often heard from the last survivor of that band of patriots, the incidents of their first meeting and their march; how they made some six hundred miles in twenty days—thirty miles a day; and how, as they neared the point of destination, Washington, who happened to be making a reconnaissance in the neighborhood, saw them approaching, and recognizing the lincy woolsey hunting shirts of old Virginia, rode up to meet them and greet them to the camp; how, when he saw their captain—his old companion in arms, Stephen, who stood by his side at the Great Meadows, on Braddock's fatal field, and who reported himself to his commander as "from the right bank of the Potomac"—he sprang from his horse and clasped his old friend and companion in arms by both hands. He spoke no words of welcome, but the eloquence of silence told what his tongue could not articulate. He moved along the ranks, shaking the hand of each man, and all the while, as my informant tells me, the big tears were seen coursing down his manly cheek.

Aye, Sir, Washington wept! And why did the glorious soul of Washington swell with emotion? Why did he weep? Because he saw that the cause of Massachusetts was practically the cause of Virginia; because he saw that their citizens recognized the great principles involved in the contest. These Virginia volunteers had come as spontaneously. They had come in response to the words of her Henry, that were leaping like live thunder through the land, telling the people of Virginia that they must fight, and fight for Massachusetts. They had come to rally by Washington's side, to defend your father's fire sides, to protect their homes from harm. Well, the visit has been returned! John Brown selected that very country as the spot for his invasion, and as was mentioned in the Senate, the rock where Soman fell was the very rock over which Morgan and his men marched a few hours after Hugh Stevenson's command had crossed the river some two miles further up.

May this historical reminiscence rekindle the embers of patriotism in our hearts! Is it by such this nation of curs be rent in pieces by this irrepressible conflict? Is it irrepressible? The battle will not be fought out here. When the dark day comes, as come it may, when this question that agitates the hearts of the people can only be decided by the bloody arbitrament of the sword, it will be the saddest day for us and all mankind that the sun of heaven has ever shone upon.

Dumas is very fond, on gala days, of wearing some dozen or more decorations, consisting of ribbons or crosses. A friend recently protested—

"Why, Dumas, you look stupid—you're a walking rainbow with these ribbons, which are the color!"

"Of the grapes we read of in the fable," interrupted Dumas.

The friend raved.

Happy he who has wings to hover over the past, to soar without dizziness over the monuments of men, to sound from thence the depths of the thoughts to measure at a glance the path of the mind, to take observation as the mariner on the boundless ocean, and to conjecture as to what point of time he occupies, and to what manifestations of divine truth God calls the generation in which he is an actor.—*Lamarine.*

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## The Two Roads.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a calm clear lake.—Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading to a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in anguish—"O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the cross-way of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkness above the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of an unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief he dared no longer look towards the heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors were only a dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"—*Jan Paul Richter.*

## Nearer Heaven.

The weary laborer, counting the hours, till the sun goes down, rejoices at each sound of the bell that warns him that he can soon turn to his home. The little child, hurrying from play or school to the kindly welcome of a mother's arms, is glad when the well known roof is in sight; and he is almost motionless. The home-sick stranger enters joyfully the vessel whose swift wings shall waft him over the waters to the land he loves. Even so the Christian pilgrim gazes thro' the mist that enshrouds his pathway for the first glimpse of the everlasting hills which are crowned with the city of his God. Heart sick and desponding, fainting and weak, there is no surer word of hope that can cheer his drooping faith and arouse his sleeping zeal, than the melody of "Nearer Heaven." If we are toilers in the vineyard at all, every glowing sunset is the token that one day less is left to journey over. Every new morning is another mile-stone, silently telling us that we are approaching the end of the road. Every hour of labor is an earnest of self ending rest. The path we travel may be tangled and wild; it may lead up rough and rugged mountain sides, and into dangerous ravines; storms may break over our heads, and the blinding hail and dripping rain render it almost hopeless; yet in sunshine and gloom we are ever going onward; at the end of the way is the "house beautiful," where the master has gone to prepare a place for us.

We know not what lies before us as we reach our home. Joys may be lying in the way, waiting to clasp us in their fragrant arms. Fairer hopes may spring up like flowers where we tread. Happier hearts may be around us, and the gentle ministrations of the fire-side make earth an Eden. Or darkness may be on the wing, and the creeping shadows already looking over the shoulders of the sunshine. Yet in the same sweet spirit of submission and gratitude let us take whatever our Father sends.—*Banner.*

A young lady in a Sabbath School a few mornings since asked her class, "How soon should a child give its heart to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen years old," another "Ten," another "Six." At length the least child in the class spoke: "As soon as we know who God is." Could there be a better reply?

A wit having fallen heir to a conchoidal process, was reproached with not avenging himself of the insult. "Sir," he replied, "I never meddle with what passes behind my back."